

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

ATONEMENT.

Ask ye why our armies fell?
Why disasters load the gale?
Sacred History tells the tale—
Only God is great!

Read the fate of olden Saul,
Ponder mighty Pharaoh's fall,
Proud Goliath and remall—
Only God is great!

While we swing the whip and brand,
Arms embroiled in his hand,
Navies perished on the strand—
Only God is great!

If, between us and success,
Blood, to thwart us, not to bless—
Stood to punish and redress—
Only God is great!

For these mountains of our sin
Have the great darkness been—
Through atonement we may win—
Only God is great!

Lo! repentance is begun—
Ere the hot year's rising sun,
Old Oppression's race is run—
Only God is great!

Russia's despot led the van,
Giving freedom to the man—
God was wroth in the plan—
Only God is great!

Lo! our rulers, following now,
Freedom for all men show—
Unto God in reverence bow—
Only God is great!

Spare, oh People, from your hand
Give your treasures to the Lord!
Give your bravest, most adorned—
Only God is great!

Shrink not from the sacrifice,
Through his flames the pardon lies—
Only God is great!

By our brave sons lost and slain,
By the good we hope to gain,
All this blood is not in vain—
Only God is great!

Mourning mothers, mourning wives,
Trembling for your dear ones lives,
Through their valor bright survives—
Only God is great!

Faith not though the end delay,
Through Oppression gain the day:
Work till God resume the way—
Only God is great!

From this hour shall spring release,
From this hour the strife decrease,
Fading into peace—
Only God is great!

From this mighty epoch traced,
Bondage soon shall be erased,
Freedom all mankind shall taste—
Only God is great!

They who most for evil burned,
From their hateful purpose turned,
Through His triumph shall have learned,
Only God is great!

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

F. B. GAGE.

MY DREAM—A BALLAD.

I dreamed a dream the other night,
As curious a dream
As ever was dreamed by mortal man;
Jeff Davis was its theme.

I dreamed I stood upon a Mount,
All on the sacred soil
Of old Virginia, where the slave
For many years did toil.

Until the barren land proclaimed
That it had done its best;
And to recruit its energies,
Needed a century's rest.

Around, about, on every side,
Sad desolation reigned;
Mansion stood tenantless that once
"First families" contained.

The walls were broken, fences gone,
Destroyed each fruitful tree,
It was a scene of ruin vast,
As far as eye could see.

There was no sign of human life,
But all was drear and still;
At length I saw a walled farm
Slow creeping up the hill.

That tottering frame seemed to have been
One time a noble form,
Though now 'twas bent and crushed beneath
The weight of many a storm.

And through the cloud of dark despair
That mantled o'er his face,
I could the deeply impressed lines
Of mad ambition trace.

He gained the summit, and sat down
Upon a fallen oak,
Whose mighty trunk was struck down by
The lightning's shivering stroke.

He gazed around, and as he gazed
A shudder shook his frame;
And such a look! oh, such a look!
As o'er his features came.

So Satan might have looked when he
First raised his eyes in hell,
And saw the waves of God's fierce wrath
In fiery billows swell.

"This is the end," at length he said,
"Of all my plans and schemes;
The final termination of
My wild, ambitious dreams!"

His voice was silent as the crack
Of the funeral bell,
Mid scenes of pestilence and death,
At darkest midnight fell.

"Cursed be the hour when first the thought
Flew from my brain,
My country's destiny to betray,
And act the traitor's part!"

Oh! had that moment been my last!
"Twere better far than be
The author of the ruin vast,
On every side I see.

What countless millions squandered to
Maintain the deadly strife!
What crimes were of kindred blood!
What waste of human life!

And all in vain—for we must bow
To the relentless hand
Of Law and Justice, which, full soon,
Will sweep us from the land.

High on the scroll of infamy
My name will take its place;
And Arnold's name compared with it,
Will bear but small disgrace.

Just then, up from the North a cloud
Of pitchy darkness rolled;
And moving onward, the dark mass
The mountain did enfold.

Up in its midst, before our sight,
A fiery gallies sprung;
And from the transverse beam, a form
Like David's, struggling, hung.

And then a voice in thunder burst
From out the burning gloom,
Shaking the mountain to its base:
"TRAITOR! REBEL! WHY DOOM!"

Jeff Davis sprang upon his feet,
And gave a piercing scream!
I started from my pillow—and,
Behold, it was a dream!

H. WOODWORTH.

The Liberator.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH.
A TALE OF TO-DAY.CHAPTER III.
WORK-A-DAY.

Anti! Not now with the intense silence of soul-life, but with the noisy demonstration of the material. Frenzied industry wakes with the dawn to do the bidding of fevered Enterprise. Contemplation is folded back with the shadows; sentiment sinks into the heart-choke as flower-odors are cheeked into the calyx; emotion is dried from the cheek as the dew-drops from the grass, for that heart-swell must be contributed to the mechanical force to-day, as the chemical agencies demand those glittering gems in practical solution for to-morrow's show. Do you hear the birds sing and the streams gurgle! At three o'clock, it was wonderful, as those who prayed and then slept, and who neither prayed nor slept, looked out upon the dawn; now, it is the shrill claxon of cocks and the dash of fretted waters over the dam you hear. Mark, to bells! not deep-toned and melodious, but sharp, superficial, exacting; hurried feet respond to one, in the direction of the factory-building; hurried feet respond to the other, toward the point where the steam-monster pants giant throbs of impatience to rush over his iron way. With the latter moves the Candidate, en route for Boston; he will be here again, but not permanently, if ecclesiastical officials bear away. With the former speeds the half-fledged member of the choir—among them, yet, in a certain sense, apart—the gifted vocalist is, after all, but a factory-girl! The minister and mill-hand are hurrying in opposite directions; why should they not? Not far from either, unseen of each, but observing each, alternately, with a strange mixture of emotion, walks in yet another direction Edgar Horton. Coke and Blackstone claim their student-day; a devoted one, surely, for that early factory-bell finds him regularly on the highway with the workers, morning and evening. And thus it is in the dramas of the actual—the performers, all unknown to the casual observer, and oftentimes to themselves, are moving over a common highway, apparently isolated and independent of each other, yet their feet are inextricably interlaced by the unseen meshes of an inseparable destiny, and the most commonplace and unimportant encounters are often important parts in the profound plot of the Infinite Dramatist.

Edgar Horton was very pale as he turned over his books this morning. No wonder his friends so often remonstrated with him on his close application; wholly absorbed seemed he in his train of research, for he heeded not the later coming of his fellow-students into the office, nor the entrance of the Counsellor himself in earnest conversation with a stranger. Some technicality of law was evidently the question in discussion, for the Counsellor directed the junior student to lay before them a volume of unquestioned authority, open at a certain page, and over this they talked animatedly for some time.

"The case is a perfectly clear one—perfectly clear. You comprehend it entirely to my satisfaction," said the stranger, at length. "I have to thank my landlord for referring me to you, and, should I need further advice in this matter, I trust I may rely on you, Sir." There was something pompous and offensive in the tones of the speaker's voice, who, while saying this, drew from his portmanteau a bank note of large amount, and laid it before the Counsellor in acknowledgment of his service.

"Certainly, Sir," replied the gratified recipient. "My business is to expound and help assist the majesty of law under all circumstances; and I am especially fortunate when the duties of my profession bring me into relations so agreeable as the present." The stranger bowed haughtily, and a slight sneer, scarcely obvious, stirred the heavy black moustache. Rising as if to go, he suddenly arrested himself, he turned to his obsequious friend—"Perhaps it is in your power, Sir, to give me a little piece of local information I am in search of. Can you direct me to the lodgings of Rev. Mr. Berkeley?"

"I am ignorant, Sir, not having any further knowledge of the gentleman named than that he preached in one of the churches, yesterday." The Counsellor was embarrassed, for he had heard enough of that morning sermon to make it a matter of surprise that such a question should come from this source; he hesitated between his wish to oblige the stranger, and the fear of compromising his office by bringing young Horton into notice in this presence. He was spared a decision by that young gentleman himself, who, having overheard enough of the conversation to make him desirous, perhaps, of looking upon the face of the stranger, turned suddenly toward him and said, with a manner as haughty and yet courteous as his own—

"Mr. Berkeley took the early train for Boston and Lowell, Sir."

The stranger seemed struck with the contrast between the Counsellor and the student, and the impression was obviously in favor of the latter. His manner had less of the supercilious as he said,

"You may be able to inform me whether he returns to this place, soon."

"Not for several months, Sir, probably."

"May I ask if it is the purpose of the people here to settle him?"

"It is not yet decided. Many of us desire it, greatly, but there is opposition, and Mr. Berkeley seems, for some personal reason, to prefer one of our principal cities or large manufacturing towns." A look of peculiar satisfaction passed over the swarthy, not unhandsome, face of the stranger. Edgar perceived it, and proceeded with his advantage: "As you are interested in him, Sir, you may know the cause of this preference; with me, he is but the acquaintance of a day, though I would gladly have it otherwise."

"You sympathize in his peculiar views, then, my young friend?"

"Entirely, Sir, so far as I have had opportunity to judge of them." The Counsellor actually turned pale at this acknowledgment. The stranger smiled with blended approbation and chagrin, but there was no lurking sneer this time. Resuming the seat from which he had risen, as if in no haste to depart, he fixed his large, well-formed, but not agreeable, black eyes upon the young student, who stood directly opposite, leaning in a firm but gracefully negligent attitude against a desk.

"My young friend, are you aware that opinions such as Mr. Berkeley entertains threaten the safety of this country?"

"I am aware, Sir, that the causes which compel him and others to the decided expression of their opinions have, for a long time, threatened the safety of the country." There was nothing of passion, but the simple earnestness of truth, in this reply. Perhaps the speaker did not see the gesture of remonstrance made by the counsellor—he did not seem to. Perhaps the stranger did see it, for the subtle moustache stirred again with the familiar curl of the haughty lip, yet the eyes looked admiration on the calm, brave youth, and his voice had an increased courtesy in modulation as he rejoined—

"It is not your expression of opinion, at the North, that we complain of, except so far as it interferes with State rights. Holding the views you, my friend, and possessed of so much courage and sincerity, I see not how you will get on in the profession you have chosen, if I may judge of your pursuits this morning."

"Whatever in the laws of the land my judgment and conscience fail to accept, I am bound, as a worthy citizen, to try to remove; and, in order to do this wisely and effectively, I seek a knowledge of the principles of law in general."

"Right, entirely right in theory, Mr. —"

"Horton, Sir," interrupted the trembling Advocate, perceiving this grope after the name.

"Thank you. But Mr. Horton, what, meantime, is your practice—in a case like this, for instance, which brings me this morning—a fugitive slave case?"

"If Edgar thought, for an instant, with intense emotion, it was as instantly mastered, and manner and voice were unaltered as he answered—

"I should act, impartially, in accordance with State rights."

The stranger looked up with an eager, gratified smile; the Advocate drew a deep breath of satisfaction; the students looked alternately at each other and the two speakers.

"Ah! I have much misapprehended the Abolition sentiment of Massachusetts, then. I am glad to know this."

"Pardon me, Sir, but may it not be that you have misapprehended the question of State rights?"

"How, Sir?" with a familiar flush of the brow and flash of the eye.

"Let me suppose, Sir, that you are a South Carolinian; I am a citizen of Massachusetts. The distinctive feature of your State is its system of negro slavery; that of mine, its system of free schools for all, without distinction of nation or race. I attempt to carry the peculiar institution of Massachusetts into South Carolina, and am arrested, imprisoned, or driven at the peril of my life from your borders, on the ground that I am interfering with State rights. The peculiar institution of South Carolina finds its way to Massachusetts, and it is claimed as a duty that we shall bring all available forces to conserve and protect it. In the question of State rights, which, here, is the injured party?"

"Do we claim anything but what the Constitution guarantees to us?" he replied somewhat warmly, and with a slightly startled air.

"Yankee, as I am, permit me to ask, again, before answering. Does the Constitution, in any section, line or word, recognize the distinctions of color?"

In spite of himself, kept cool and deliberative by the respectful earnestness and brave sincerity of the champion of equal rights, the Southerner answered, musingly—

"I don't see your point in the question—I can't say the Constitution says anything about color, but it clearly implies the existence of our black slaves, and legislates with reference to them."

"For the sake of our argument, will you do me the favor to repeat what it says on this point; or, rather, be so kind as to read it"—placing a copy of our National Charter before the Southerner.

(Reading, triumphantly)—"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping to another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."—(handing the document back, with a satisfied look, into the calm, firm face of the student.)

"I will not ask you how you reconcile the term 'person,' there, with your practical idea expressed in the more fitting term, 'chattel'; nor how you make service or labor 'due,' harmonize with service or labor despotically compelled. This would be a mere quibble about words, and no compliance to the intelligence of either of us. You know, Sir, as well as I, that those words might be made to apply to runaway apprentices, sons of free-born citizens, and, as far as mere words are concerned, find their full significance. But I know, as well as you, Sir, that this is a compromise of Freedom to Slavery; reluctantly, very reluctantly conceded in those ambiguous words, not frank and hearty, like the other specifications of this instrument; and you know, as well as I, that could they be inserted that conciliatory clause have looked forward to its results. They would cheerfully have endured over again all the suffering, deprivation, toil and sorrow of their recent struggle, rather than entail that terrible evil on their descendants." Edgar's voice deepened, as he spoke, into a thrilling sadness that infected every listener.

"Ah, my young friend, you magnify the evil; and," added the Southerner with a bland smile, "you have ingeniously led me on to answer my own question in the very words of the Constitution." As he said this, he glanced victoriously at the smiling Advocate and the two disappointed-looking students, at the same time taking up his hat in the act to go.

"Pardon me, Sir, this is not all," exclaimed Edgar, eagerly, shaking off the sadness with increased vigor. "You have given me all the direct or indirect provisions of the Constitution for slavery, and I have frankly admitted them. The question which you were so kind as to waive at my request now recurs, legitimately, and I answer—When you claim the right to search a Massachusetts vessel, and take thence a Massachusetts citizen and incarcerate him in a Southern prison, simply on the ground of his color, do you not claim more than the Constitution guarantees to you? When you come on to the soil of Massachusetts, and, on the mere ground of color, without due process of law, and in violation of a right which this State guarantees to all, the right of trial by jury, you seize an intelligent human being as your property and thrall, for labor and use and sale, according to your individual, absolute will, are you not interfering with the rights of a State, the first article of whose Constitution is in these unequivocal words: 'All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness.' And do you not, in this case, also, claim more than you can find sanction for under that National Charter, which explicitly asserts that 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law'—and, again—'The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each against invasion?'"

The Southerner remained silent, his brow darkened, and his whole aspect was disturbed. The Counsellor flinched and gasped, in vain, to get the attention of his recent pupil, while the other students gazed on their fellow with reassured satisfaction. After a courteous pause, Edgar resumed:

"Again, Sir, freedom of speech and of the press is declared to be 'essential to the security of freedom in a State'; and, except in a treasonable use of these, they are claimed by and guaranteed to the citizens of the whole Republic by the spirit of all its laws. How stands this question of State rights, practically, between South Carolina and Massachusetts? We hold that 'Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people,' are 'necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties'; and, therefore, it becomes a duty to spread 'the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people.' Let this attempt be made within the borders of your, or any, slave State, in a spirit however Christian, or, indeed, on any soil of the Republic where slave influence can be brought to bear, and the obnoxious types are hurled into river or ocean; or, silenced forever. Yet, here in Massachusetts, you claim the right to assert and defend, by force of arms, if need be, sentiments and opinions, not only in violation of the whole spirit of our laws, but the whole spirit of Christianity and Christian civilization in the nineteenth century."

"You forget, Mr. Horton, that the peculiar system of South Carolina is local; that in interfering with it, ever so indirectly, you interfere with the domestic relations of that State—that you pervert its domestic security; whereas, according to your own admission, the abstract principles by which we here, occasionally, come in conflict, are national; your domestic well-being is not jeopardized, and, being national, we, of course, come in for our share of the inconvenience."

Again the Southerner looked around complacently, as certain that he had made an important point. The

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Advocate nodded and smiled and winked benignly; the students drew deep breaths of eagerness, their eyes fixed on Edgar. Evidently with no feeling of discomfort, that young gentleman rejoined—

"I accept, Sir, entirely, the abstract statement. Freedom is national, Slavery sectional, but not your conclusion with regard to the results of its encroachments on our State rights. If the exercise of our rights, in your midst or at home, perils your domestic security, in as great a degree, although in a different manner, ours are endangered by you. The questions which your encroachments give rise to separate families, disturb the peace of neighborhoods, embitter communities, engender party animosities, check the steady growth of Christian principles, and clog the advance of every worthy enterprise; not to mention the outrage of our finest sensibilities, and the perversion of enlightened judgment and conscience." Again his listeners were thrilled with the deep grief-tones of his rich voice. But, rallying instantly, he proceeded with kindling enthusiasm—"These are domestic and social results, to us, which cannot be denied. Look at the aspect of your sectional system in the Congress of the nation. Freedom of speech in defense of what you admit to be national, Freedom, stricken down by brute force in the person of one of the noblest results of the peculiar institution of Massachusetts; your local and domestic institution pushing its way into every newly acquired inch of territory—involving the nation in an unjust and cruel war of extermination, that it may have wide range for unholy occupancy—claiming to legislate for the whole land, and menacing with the threat of disunion whenever there is the least indication of a policy favorable to the great principle of Equal Rights which forms the basis of our National Structure. I appeal to you, Sir, by the candor you have thus far shown in this conversation, if I have in any degree exaggerated in these statements. If not, how can any one assert that slavery is, practically, sectional? How can any one deny that by it, alone, are the welfare and safety of the country threatened? How can any one fail to see that, not only as a citizen of Massachusetts, but as an American citizen, it is my solemn duty to withstand its encroachments, and use every lawful measure to banish it from the land it is destroying? Setting aside all questions of humanity and philanthropy, I ask you, Sir, simply as a political measure, could you, in my position, find any other conclusion than this?"

Slowly, musingly, reluctantly—"No, Mr. Horton, admitting your premises, I should be compelled to accept your conclusion; but," looking eagerly up, "do you see where this places your Webster and Everett's? Your Fugitive Slave Law is treason against Massachusetts, in the light of your statements and arguments; the defenders of it are all traitors, not only the interests of their State, but of the country, if you are right. Can you expect Southern men to be magnanimous when Northern men are not honest? Why was Massachusetts' intellect and culture and statesmanship brought to bear upon an amendment of the Constitution, in the objectionable clause, rather than expended in trying to make it palatable to your enlightened community? In your places, we of the South should have done this."

Honest shame mantled the cheek and brow of our young hero, under this taunt; his fellow-students laughed, audibly but not cheerfully; while the Counsellor writhed as if under the lash.

"We deserve all this, Sir, and more too, I admit. Had Northern men stood bravely and unitedly by Northern principles, or, rather, let me say, by National principles, slavery would have died of exhaustion, in its original limits, long ere this. But, weakly waiving the great crisis question whenever in God's trial-providences it presented itself; putting off to another day the momentous duty of then and there; imitating, servilely, the one weakness of the fathers, instead of taking up, heroically, and completing, the work left for us to do, in the spirit and power with which they did their part—we stand, this day, cowardly and ceding, asking nothing but truth, when we should be demonstrating it by every fire-side in the land, and calmly asserting its supremacy before the nations of the world."

The factory-bell struck the dinner-hour of the operators. Edgar's cheek blanched, for an instant, but it was unheeded by the stranger, who was consulting his watch. Replacing it, and taking up his hat, he extended his hand cordially to the student—"You have won my respect and regard, young gentleman, if you have failed to convert me to your opinions. Let me hope the pleasure of meeting you again."

"We need not separate here, Sir," said Edgar, somewhat hurriedly, seizing his hat; "if our walk is in the same direction, allow me to be your company."

"Thank you, my young friend, with all my heart." Exchanging a few low-toned words with the Counsellor, (who shook the stranger's extended hand with some trepidation, and bowing courteously to the other students, the Southerner drew the Abolitionist's arm within his, and they went forth together.

"I will take your place at the mill this afternoon, Clara, if you will try to rest," said Aunt Hattie, as they rose from the table.

"Thank you, dear Auntie, you are so kind."

"Ede, dear, you may put things in order while I sit awhile with cousin Clara; then practise your music; I shall be down soon." Again Aunt Mary and Clara were despatched together.

"The note bears evidence of great haste, as you see. He slipped it into Edie's hand, in passing here, just after he had separated from the stranger. He will be here this evening."

"O, Aunt Mary, what faithfulness and devotion from that young gentleman! What obligations, that I can never repay!"

MOVEMENTS AMONG THE COLORED CITIZENS.

The State Convention of the colored men of Michigan, held at Ypsilanti, January 28, 1863, appointed a Committee to appear before the Legislature, and urge the removal of the word "white" from the State Book; in furtherance of which object they submitted the following

APPEAL

Of the State Central Committee of Colored Men.

The State Central Committee, as the representatives of the general interests of the Colored People of the State of Michigan, have thought it advisable to accompany these proceedings with an appeal to the white fellow citizens. Our object is plain and simple. Organic disabilities are always dangerous, and the longer they stand, the more serious they become. The Constitution of the State, Article VII, Section I, recognizes alone the white and Indian residents as citizens. This is to us a disability the most grievous and unjust.

At such a time as this, when our beloved country is writhing beneath the throes of civil war, every man, of whatever race or color, who at all values the enduring name of American citizen, should be called upon and required to do his duty in upholding the general Constitution, and putting down the most infamous rebellion that ever distracted a country in the history of the world.

Whatever may be required of others, should be required of us, and we feel willing and anxious to obey our country's call, in a summons to arms in her defence, or in any other just capacity in which we may be required. But as residents of the State of Michigan, we cannot feel willing to serve a State, while it concedes all that is due to others, and denies much if not the most that is due to us.

Therefore, in view of all these facts, we appeal to you, as fellow-citizens of the same State, and of one common destiny, to use your influence by petition and otherwise, to have the word white erased from all laws and statutes which make a distinction between us and other citizens of the State.

W. J. WHIPPER. G. W. ELLIS.
J. S. CAMPBELL. Mr. BROWN. Mr. MARTIN.

Ypsilanti, January 30, 1863.

The California Legislature is about removing certain restrictions upon colored testimony in courts.

BLACK MEN READY TO FIGHT. A correspondent in Pennsylvania thus writes us:—

"The probable passage of the Negro Enlistment bill is producing quite a stir, in a quiet way, among the

colored people in and around Philadelphia. No doubt is entertained here that if the bill should become a law, a large number of colored people, including the most respectable of the class, will be found ready to enroll themselves as soldiers in support of the country.

Robert Purvis, of Byberry, has signified to his friends his readiness, if desired from the proper source, to do what he can in getting up a regiment to be placed at the disposal and used for the benefit of the government.

Mr. Purvis is a proper man for such a duty. He has intellectual ability, personal culture, pecuniary means, and enjoys alike the respect and confidence of the white and colored classes. His high standing among the latter would afford him peculiar facilities in the performance of a task of this kind."—National Anti-Slavery Standard.

At a meeting of the colored citizens of Harrisburg, (Pa.) Feb. 21, the following resolution was discussed, and adopted:—

Resolved, That while white men, North and South, in the full enjoyment of their rights and privileges, under the free government in Christendom, are proven to be disloyal before the bar of public opinion, the black men, oppressed and embarrassed by national and legislative enactments, have remained firm in their devotion to the Government, and loyal to the old flag.

H. Ford Douglass communicates to Frederick Douglass's Paper, that he has enlisted in company, as he says, that he may be better prepared to play his part in the great drama of the Negro's redemption.

Enthusiastic meetings are being held in Boston, Springfield, New Bedford, and throughout the New England States, in promotion of enlistments. At one of the early gatherings in New Bedford, Rev. L. A. Grimes, of Boston, was called, and gave utterance as follows, eliciting the heartiest demonstrations of approval:—

"He urged the duty of colored men to respond to the call of the Governor. They had heretofore offered their services, and they had been refused. They had sought an opportunity to fight, but without avail. Now they were called upon to take up arms, and they should not hesitate a moment. The speaker then alluded to the change which a year had effected in the prospects of his race, and spoke eloquently of the act of January last, when the nation was assured that colored men would not fight and ought not to fight, stating instances of their courage and daring as soldiers, insisting that they had, in some sense, more at stake than even the white man. He replied to the objection that colored men would not enlist under white officers, by remarking that so soon as they showed their ability to lead, their promotion was assured; that Governor Andrew would recognize the merit, as he had the rights of black men. After referring to the necessities of the service, and expressing his belief that colored men were to be the salvation of the country, he closed by calling on his hearers to rally to his defence. He was willing to go. He would take it, and go with them; and, if need be, would not refuse to take the musket."

The following gentlemen have been appointed by Governor Andrew a Committee to superintend the raising of the 54th Regiment:—

George L. Stearns, Esq., Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, John M. Forbes, Esq., William L. Bowditch, Esq., Dr. Le Baron Russell and Richard P. Halliwell, Esq., of Boston; Mayor Howland and James B. Congdon, Esq., of New Bedford; Hon. Willard P. Phillips, of Salem; and Francis G. Shaw, Esq., of New York. Mr. Halliwell will act as Treasurer of the Committee.

Check for \$500 has been sent to the Governor by Hon. Gerrit Smith, of New York, as a contribution toward a regimental recruiting fund.

Under sanction of Governor Sprague, a recruiting office has been opened in Providence, and it is expected that two companies will soon be on the way to join those already in camp at Readville, where under care of such men as Colonel R. G. Shaw and Lieut. Col. Halliwell, the prospect is very encouraging for the Massachusetts 54th Regiment.

At the several meetings addressed by William Wells Brown, Charles Lenox Remond, and Dr. J. B. Smith, the objections to enlistments have been satisfactorily explained; and as they feel conscious that a regenerated public sentiment will speedily welcome the removal of the word white from the Statute Book of Massachusetts, they would inspire others with the hope which animates their own breasts.

Boston, Feb. 23, 1863. W. C. N.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO THE WORKINGMEN OF MANCHESTER.

From the Manchester Guardian, Feb. 10.

The following letter and enclosure were received yesterday, by the Mayor of Manchester, Abel Heywood, Esq.:

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, LONDON, FEB. 9, 1863.

"SIR: I have the honor to transmit to you, by the hands of Mr. Moran, the Assistant Secretary of this Legation, a letter of the President of the United States, addressed to you as chairman of the meeting of the workingmen, held at Manchester, on the 31st of December, in acknowledgment of the address which I had the pleasure to forward from that meeting."

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,"

"CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS."

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, January 19, 1863.

"TO THE WORKINGMEN OF MANCHESTER: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the address and resolutions which you sent me on the eve of the new year."

"When I came on the 4th of March, 1861, through a free and constitutional election, to preside in the Government of the United States, the country was found at the verge of civil war. Whatever might have been the cause, or whosoever the fault, one duty, paramount to all others, was before me, namely, to maintain and preserve at once the Constitution and the integrity of the Federal Republic. A conscientious purpose to perform this duty is the key to all the measures of administration which have been, and to all which will hereafter be pursued. Under our frame of government and my position, I could not depart from this purpose if I would. It is not always in the power of Government to enlarge or restrict the scope of moral results which follow the policies that they may deem it necessary, for the public safety, from time to time to adopt."

"I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people. But I have at the same time been aware in favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging and prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has seemed to authorize a belief that the past action and influences of the United States have been generally regarded as having been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances—to some of which you kindly allude—induced me especially to expect that, if justice and good faith should be practised by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of peace and amity govern this country may prevail in the councils of your Queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic."

"I know, and deeply deplore, the sufferings which the workingmen at Manchester, and in all Europe, and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this Government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favor of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens, the workingmen of Europe have been subjected to severe trials, for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under these circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism, which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and re-inspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal

feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that, whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my